

Death one gigantic tickling of every nerve --
one sucking off in every orifice --
one gigantic come.

There were strawberries that grew in these fields
Lilies that bloomed in these woods Anton
Where are they now
The blood red juices ran from our mouths
as we joined with our bodies in the lilies.

There is a bridge of destruction
between those years and these
built with the stored venom of
a snake not allowed to strike.

And as we walk in the sunlight of these tamed woods
do not expect me to forget
the pain those years rained down on my head
do not expect me to forget
in this sunlight
of this time
the years of that pain
crowning my head

-- Barbara Franks

New York, New York

It was May

We gathered moss
and built our love a trysting place;
we banked the charred remains
of fallen oak into a warming glow,
a monument to first love,
in a holy place.

When spring storms came
our love-fires died
within the thundering pause.

Sometimes
your calling echoes back to me
from corners of a lonely place ...
I see the flinted sparks
which scorched the incense
of that dying love
and marvel that the ashes lie
on sacred ground.

-- Wilma Caudle

Broken Arrow, Oklahoma